

changes. We also have the duty to hold accountable those who break the law in an effort to attack our system.

#### VICTORY IN EUROPE DAY

Ms. MIKULSKI. Mr. President, today we are commemorating one of the proudest days in our history—Victory in Europe Day. World War II was no less than a triumph of good over evil. As President Harry Truman said, it was “a solemn and glorious hour.” Today we celebrate our victory over the Nazis—and we honor those who gave their lives in the most deadly conflict we have ever seen.

But most of all, we honor the Americans whose personal sacrifices gave us our greatest victory. In Maryland, thousands left factories, shops, and farms to fight on the front lines. People like my uncles Pete, Fred, Richard, and Florene. We also honor those on the homefront who kept the steel mills and shipyards going 24 hours a day to serve the war effort. That includes the women—the Rosie the Riveters who kept America going while our boys fought on the battlefields.

Eleanor Roosevelt said that those days were no ordinary time and that no ordinary solutions would be sufficient to defeat the enemies of America and Western civilization. No only was this no ordinary time, this was no ordinary generation.

I was a child during the War. I grew up seeing the heroism and patriotism of our soldiers—and seeing America united behind a common goal. I saw the sacrifices that individuals were willing to make for our country. That was the only America I knew.

Our veterans of World War II are each a symbol of the principles that have kept this country strong and free. When we think of our veterans, we think of everything that is good about this country—patriotism, courage, loyalty, duty and honor. Our responsibility is to live up to the standards they have set—to foster a new sense of citizenship and a new sense of duty.

That is why it troubles me that too often, young Americans do not learn enough about this special generation. It is our responsibility to honor our Nation's veterans—not just on V-E Day—but every day. Let us honor them in our homes, our schools, our churches, and our synagogues. And here in the U.S. Senate—when we set funding for veterans health care and pensions.

Every day that we live in freedom, we should remember that their triumph was democracy's greatest victory.

#### THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF VICTORY IN EUROPE

Mr. DODD. Mr. President, today marks the anniversary of one of the most important moments in modern Western history. Fifty years ago today, the Allied Powers accepted the unconditional surrender of Nazi Germany,

ending the most devastating war in world history. It was a great victory for freedom and for civilization.

The Allied victory was one of courage, valor and enormous sacrifice. Of the hundreds of major battles fought during the war, 15 resulted in casualties numbering no less than 5,000. From the beaches at Omaha to the great campaigns in Europe, American lives were sacrificed in the name of freedom.

The victory in Europe marked the end of unparalleled human horror and of catastrophic human loss on that continent. It signified the end of one of civilization's darkest moments. In essence, V-E Day marked the very rebirth of life in Europe's scarred, and war-torn landscape. But that rebirth did not come without a price.

We must never forget the sacrifices made to ensure our final victory. Of the 400,000 American soldiers who died in this horrible war, most lost their lives on the ground, in the trenches—literally clawing for victory inch by inch. The magnitude of the human price of this effort should command our deepest personal respect. We can never adequately thank our veterans for their supreme sacrifice.

Yet, through the images of fire and the remnants of ashes rises the hope that never again will we face such darkness. Never again will we face the prospect of such global sacrifice. Never again will the forces of freedom be asked to lay down their lives en masse in the name of peace and order.

Today marks the seminal moment in the American chapter of the War in Europe. It reminds us of our absolute resolve to maintain and preserve what is right and just. I join my colleagues in what is perhaps one of our most solemn moments in recognition of those who sacrificed so much for our freedom.

Mr. President, in honor of our fallen veterans, I rise in humble tribute.

#### WAS CONGRESS IRRESPONSIBLE? THE VOTERS HAVE SAID YES.

Mr. HELMS. Mr. President, more than 3 years ago I began these daily reports to the Senate making a matter of record the exact Federal debt as of close of business the previous day.

As of the close of business Friday, April 28, the exact Federal debt stood at \$4,857,682,676,296.70, meaning that on a per capita basis, every man, woman, and child in America owes \$18,439.85 as his or her share of the Federal debt.

It's important to note, Mr. President, that the United States had an opportunity to begin controlling the Federal debt by implementing a balanced budget amendment to the Constitution. Unfortunately, the Senate did not seize its first opportunity to control this debt—but there will be another chance during the 104th Congress.

#### A PERSONAL REMEMBRANCE OF V-E DAY

Mr. LEVIN. Mr. President, this morning Samuel Pisar, a distinguished survivor of the Nazi death camps at Auschwitz, Sachsenhausen, Leonberg, and Dachau delivered the keynote address at the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum's commemoration of the 50th anniversary of V-E Day.

I was very moved by Mr. Pisar's expression of gratitude to his liberators, the U.S. Army. He recounted his first words to the GI in the American tank which rescued him, “I . . . summoned the few English words my mother used to sigh while dreaming of our deliverance, and yelled: ‘God Bless America!’”

That gratitude, in Mr. Pisar's words, “as intense as it was 50 years ago,” serves to remind us all of the role which America has and continues today to play in the world as a beacon of hope for oppressed people.

I ask unanimous consent that the excerpt of Samuel Pisar's address printed Sunday in the Washington Post be printed in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD.

There being no objection, the address was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

[From the Washington Post, May 7, 1995]

ESCAPE FROM DACHAU: MY OWN, PRIVATE V-E DAY—FOR PRISONER B-1317, SALVATION WAS A U.S. ARMY TANK

(By Samuel Pisar)

World War II was coming to an end, yet we in the death camps knew nothing. What is happening in the world outside? Does anyone out there know what is happening here to us? Do they care? I was 15 years old, and I wanted to live.

The day the Allies landed on the beaches of Normandy had been for us a day like any other. The toll in the gas chambers that day was higher than the losses suffered by the combined armies under Gen. Eisenhower's command on this, their longest day.

Judging by the brutality of our guards, we had every reason to believe that all of Europe was irrevocably lost, the Red Army smashed, England fighting alone, its back to the wall, against the seemingly invincible forces of darkness. And America? America was so unprepared, so divided, so far away. How could she be expected to reverse the collapse of civilization at this penultimate stage?

It took weeks for news of the U.S.-led invasion, beamed by the BBC from London, across occupied Europe, to slip into Auschwitz. There was also an amazing rumor that the Russians had mounted a powerful offensive on the Eastern front.

Incredible! So God had not turned His face from the world after all. Could a miracle still prevent the millenium of the Third Reich? Oh to hang on, to hang on a little longer!

We could guess from the Nazis' mounting nervousness that the weight of battle was changing decisively. With the ground shrinking under their feet, they began herding us deeper and deeper into Germany. I was shunted to Sachsenhausen near Berlin, then Leonberg near Stuttgart, then Dachau near Munich—camps normally reserved for political prisoners, common criminals and homosexuals.

It was a slave-labor enclave 50 miles away that I heard the silence of night torn by powerful explosions. Fellow inmates with military experience thought it sounded like artillery. Within hours, we were lined up to be evacuated, ahead of the "enemy advance." These forbidden words, never before heard, and even names of "enemy" commanders—Zhukov, Montgomery, Patton—were now openly murmured.

I was beside myself with excitement. Who are these merciful saviors—Russians? British? American? Salvation seemed so near, and yet so far away.

Just as the hope of pulling through became more real, the danger increased. We were headed back to Dachau, which meant that at the last moment our torturers would destroy us. The final solution must be completed, the witnesses of the crime wiped out.

The death march, through winding back roads, continued day and night, halting only for meager rations of bread and water. At dawn, on the third day, of squadron of Allied fighter planes, mistaking our column for Wehrmacht troops, swooped down low to strafe us.

As the SS-men hit the dirt, their machine gun blazing in all directions, someone near me shouted "run for it!" A group of us kicked off our wooden clogs and made a clumsy, uncoordinated sprint for the trees. The fire caught most of us. Only I and five others made it into the forest alive.

We ran and ran, gasping for breath, until we were sure there was no pursuit. After nightfall we began to move toward the Western front. When we came close we decided to lie low, until the German retreat had passed us by.

One bucolic afternoon, holed up in the hayloft of an abandoned Bavarian barn, I became aware of a hum, like a swarm of bees, only louder, metallic, unearthly. I peeped through a crack in the wooded slats. Straight ahead, across the field, a huge tank leading a long, armored convoy lumbered my way.

From somewhere to one side I could hear the sound of exploding mortars. The tank's long cannon lifted its round head, turned slowly and let loose a deafening blast. The firing stopped. The tank resumed its cautious advance.

Automatically, I looked for the hateful swastika, but there was none. Instead I saw an unfamiliar emblem—a five-pointed white star.

In an instant the unimaginable flooded my mind and my soul. After four years in the pit of the inferno, I, convict No. B-1713, also known as Samuel Pizar, son of a loving family that has been wiped off the earth, have actually survived to behold the glorious insignia of the United States Army.

My skull seemed to burst. With a wild roar I stormed outside and darted toward the wondrous vision. I was still running, waving my arms, when suddenly the hatch of an armored vehicle opened, and black face, shielded by helmet and goggles, emerged, swearing at me unintelligibly.

Having dodged death daily for so long, at the awesome moment I felt immortal, though to the G.I. my condition, at the heart of a battlefield, must have seemed desperate. Pistol in hand, he jumped to the ground to examine me more closely, as if to make sure the kid was not booby-trapped.

To signal that I was a friend, and in need of help, I fell at his feet, summoned the few English words my mother used to sigh while dreaming of our deliverance, and yelled: "God Bless America!"

With an unmistakable gesture, the tall American motioned me to get up, and lifted me through the hatch—into the womb of freedom.

On V-E Day 1995, my gratitude to this blessed land, never trampled by tyrants or invaders, is as intense as it was 50 years ago, on that German battlefield. So is my conviction that the five-pointed star, which brought me life and freedom, must remain a symbol of hope to all victims of ethnic hatred, religious intolerance and terrorist violence.

#### V-E DAY—A VICTORY FOR AMERICAN VALUES

Mr. PRESSLER. Mr. President, today I join my fellow Americans and millions of freedom-loving people around the world in celebrating the 50th anniversary of Victory in Europe Day.

I am enormously proud of the South Dakotans who answered their Nation's call to free Europe from Nazi terror. The 34th Infantry Division—the first American division to serve in the European theater—included three South Dakota National Guard units: the 109th Engineer Battalion, the 109th Quartermaster Regiment, and the 132d Engineer Regiment. South Dakotans were with Eisenhower, Patton, and Bradley when they invaded North Africa in 1942 and Italy in 1943.

More than 2,200 South Dakota National Guardsmen served on active duty. More than 41,000 South Dakotans between the ages of 21 and 36 were called into military service through the draft and 23,192 South Dakotans enlisted. Hundreds more served as State guardsmen to respond to civil and military emergencies at home.

South Dakota was a temporary home to many of our brave soldiers in training. The Sioux Falls Training Base provided technical instruction to 45,000 servicemen. Pierre and Rapid City were sites for airbases. The latter would ultimately become Ellsworth Air Force Base. Watertown and Mitchell served as subbases for the Army. Provo was the site of the Black Hills or Igloo Ordnance Depot. And an area in the Badlands, known as the Gunnery Range, was used for bombing practice by the military.

I join with all Americans in saluting the enormous contributions of our native Americans from South Dakota in the war effort. Congressman Ben Reifel—born on the Rosebud Reservation—was in the Army Reserve when called to active duty in 1942. He served in Europe. Reifel reached the rank of lieutenant colonel by the time of his discharge after the war.

The Lakota and Dakota code talkers' contributions deserve special recognition. Their service back then was invaluable. Their story is still legendary and a source of pride to all Americans.

My former colleague and dear friend Senator George McGovern was a World War II veteran and hero. As an Army Air Corps pilot, Senator McGovern flew 35 bombing missions over Europe in a 6-month period. He also received the Distinguished Flying Cross for safely crash-landing his B-24 bomber—the *Da-*

*kota Queen*—on an island in the Adriatic Sea.

South Dakotans know well the heroism of Msgr. Francis Sampson, known as the Jumping Padre. Monsignor Sampson was a paratrooper—one of the first American liberators in the 82d and 101st Airbornes to set foot on European soil on D-Day. He was captured by the Nazi Army, escaped and was captured again, spending the rest of the war in a German prison camp.

Mr. President, the greatest share of gratitude and tribute we owe to our American and Allied veterans—living and dead. For it is they who put their lives on the line so that their children and grandchildren could live in a world free of Nazi terror. From the shores of Normandy to the forests of the Ardennes, American veterans pruned open Hitler's tyrannical stranglehold over Europe. But we must not forget Americans at home. It was just as much a Victory in America as it was a Victory in Europe.

South Dakotans will never forget the tremendous service of Governors Harlan J. Bushfield and M.Q. Sharpe, who met the enormous challenges of raising the State's National Guard and organizing civil defense drills and bond drives throughout the war years.

South Dakotans volunteered and raised funds for eight United Service Organization [USO] clubs in South Dakota. These USO clubs were much needed to boost morale among the troops stationed in our State.

South Dakotans young and old dug deep into their pockets and piggy banks to keep American troops armed, fed, and clothed. During eight national fund-raising campaigns, South Dakota exceeded its quotas. South Dakota consistently ranked first or second in the per capita sale of the Series "E" war bonds, known as people's bonds. In total, South Dakotans raised \$111.5 million from the sale of people's bonds—that's \$173 for every South Dakotan adult and child. Some South Dakotans even sacrificed their homes and property for the war effort.

South Dakotans worked overtime in the fields and factories of our State growing the food and building the supplies for our troops. Workers in the K.O. Lee Co. of Aberdeen made grinders and keyless drill chucks. The Dakota Sash and Door Company, also of Aberdeen, constructed wooden shell boxes. The Nichols Co., located in Spencer, manufactured leather carbine scabbards for jeeps.

Mr. President, I could go on and on to note the tremendous accomplishments of my State to the war effort. It is a story that each one of my colleagues could echo. Each State, each American had a hand in the victory. Our hearts and minds were with our courageous American forces overseas. They answered the call. They stood face to face with Hitler's machine of hate and oppression. They turned the tide of Nazi aggression.